

A Lucky Mistake

By A. G. SHERWIN

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"I am hungry, sir. If you could spare me a few cents—"

"There's a nickel—go and get a drink with it, of course!"

"I'm not a drinking man, sir—"

but the tall, well-dressed benefactor had swung on his way.

Thad Brown sent a "Thank you, anyway" after the vanishing figure and started for the town center. Five cents was not much, but it would buy a loaf of bread, and he was desperately hungry. Then, amid the sweet appetizing scent of the bakery he gave a great start, as in return for his "nickel," after inspecting it closely and glancing suspiciously at his customer, the proprietor counted out four dollars and ninety-five cents on the glass-topped case and pushed it over to Brown.

"Eh, what's that for?" inquired the latter in amazement.

"Your change, of course. Didn't you give me a five-dollar gold piece. Or maybe you thought it was a twenty or a double eagle!" insinuated the speaker sarcastically. "There's the five," and he showed the coin to Brown, who stood stupefied, but



"Maybe You Thought It Was a Twenty."

finally took up his half-dozen rolls and the change and went outside.

"The man made a mistake—gave me a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel," promptly decided Brown. "I've got to find him."

Brown nibbled at the rolls as he started on his quest. He gave up the task after an hour's steady tramping. He did not, of course, know his benefactor's name. He could barely describe him, for the gift had been bestowed in the dusk of the evening. Still, he would know that stalwart form and the anxious, but pleasant face which he had noted momentarily.

Brown slept in his customary bed that night—a convenient barn loft. He had tied the four dollars and ninety-five cents in a corner of his rag of a handkerchief and had stowed it in an inner pocket. He was hungrier than ever when he woke up, but he did not disturb the little hoard.

Brown did some work in a garden and earned his breakfast. Then he started on his quest anew. He had seen better days, he was not a tramp, although his benefactor had treated him like one. Time was when Thad Brown had a home of his own. There had come sickness, bereavement, discouragement. He had been employed in a piano factory. He lost his job, and, with the sole equipment of a tuning key, had started out to make a living.

Sometimes there were plenty of instruments to tune, but slack times came in between. The present was one of many occasions where Brown found nothing to do. He had never been driven to ask for charity before. Through it all he was strictly honest. The four dollars and ninety-five cents did not belong to him. It was a trust, therefore, and as such he regarded it.

It was the morning of the second day after he had received the five-dollar gold piece that Brown was passing by a small hotel on the principal street of the town. Twenty feet away he saw a man stepping into an automobile. In a flash Brown recognized him—it was his kindly almoner of forty-eight hours previous.

"Hey—one minute, please," he shouted, and rushed for the curb, but the chauffeur had received an order and the car flashed down the street beyond hall or halt.

Brown went into the hotel and questioned the clerk. The latter regarded his well-worn clothes and was reluctant. He scanned his face and opened up. The man Brown described was Mr. Alvin Thorpe, guest for two days past, a stranger in the town. Did not know when he would return—probably by noon, he supposed.

It was an hour after midday when Brown went back to the hotel. The clerk announced that Mr. Thorpe had returned, paid his bill and was going away on the afternoon boat. However, he believed he was still in his room—No. 17, third floor.

Up the stairs Brown proceeded. He located No. 17. He knocked—no one responded. He tried the door—it was unlocked and he pressed open the door to find the room untenanted.

"This Mr. Thorpe has gone to the boat already," decided Brown. "Well,

maybe I can catch him before it leaves."

Brown turned to leave the room when he was met at the threshold by a boy. The latter looked excited and worried. He burst instantly into an incongruous announcement.

"I'm awfully sorry," he babbled forth, "but there is an answer to the note you sent yesterday. And I lost it, and was afraid to come and tell you. And I sneaked home and kept out of your way. And just a little while ago I found it—see, down inside the lining of my coat. Look, there's the slit in my pocket it must have gone through. And there's the letter, and I'm awfully glad I found you," and thrusting an addressed letter into the hands of Brown the lad bolted with a relieved face.

"Hold on!" challenged Brown, but the boy was down the stairs three steps at a time.

Brown gazed at the letter. It was directed to "Mr. Alvin Thorpe." More need than ever to overtake the departing visitor to the town. Brown got to the street. He made for the wharf where the river boats docked. The favorite was just pulling out into mid-stream.

"Stop—she's off!" yelled a wharf-hand as Brown in his urgency and excitement ran on to the slanting gangplank, just pulled free of the steamer.

Splash!

Over into the stream Brown went. The swell of the boat drew him towards the central current. He made a speedy decision. He swam toward the turning side of the steamer. A deck hand threw a rope to him. Brown was dragged to the deck, panting, dripping, surveyed with marveling regard by the passengers.

"What now?" bellowed the captain, advancing blusteringly, but Brown had dashed the water from his eyes and was staring keenly about him. He made out Mr. Alvin Thorpe, seated alone near the rail. He ran up to him. He drew the old handkerchief from his pocket. He untied the knot.

"You gave me a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel, as you supposed, the other evening, and there's the change," announced Brown breathlessly, and he pressed the wet coins into the hand of Mr. Alvin Thorpe.

"Well, well, well—of all the honest men!" began Mr. Thorpe, recalling his pensioner and then staring as Brown drew from his pocket the letter he had received at the hotel. In a moment Brown saw that the address on the envelope had startled Mr. Thorpe. As the latter perused it his handsome face broke into a smile of the most wonderful delight.

"Where did you get this?" he challenged quickly, and Brown explained.

Mr. Thorpe hastened in search of the captain of the steamer. He bribed him to make a landing so he could return to the town. He motioned to Brown to follow him to land.

Very briefly he made Brown understand that he had come to the place to make up a quarrel with the young lady he loved. The delayed letter, an answer to his, had sent him away, intending to never return, but Brown had saved the day.

"My friend," said the grateful Thorpe, "you have proved yourself a jewel. You say you are a piano tuner?"

"Yes, sir," assented Brown.

"Well, I shall lodge you at the hotel at my expense, get you a new rig, and—why! I'll buy you a little piano factory and start you in business for what you've done for me!"

Questions on Evolution.

"The Word and Way" says concerning the theory of evolution: "Notwithstanding the bold and boastful claims to the contrary, the 'missing link' is still missing, so far as any evidence yet adduced is concerned. Man began as man. The sheep has always been the sheep. The hog has always been a hog. The grasshopper has always been a grasshopper, and the flea has always been a flea. In the absence of any proof to the contrary, this is the logical inference. The universal law that everything produces after its kind has never been proved false. Why, if the theory of evolution be true, has there not been some observable and provable evolution within the limits of human history? Why have the hog and the sheep and the horse and the horned and the dodo-like ceased evolving? Any way, if this theory be true, will it not follow eventually that everything that is will evolve into something else? Aren't the figs and dates, the camels and goats, just today what they were 2,000 years ago? And if they are today what they were 2,000 years ago, why not what they were 10,000 or 100,000 years ago?"

Prominent Russian Women.

From time immemorial Russian women have taken an active part in the social and political affairs of their country. Not only have they played a conspicuous role in revolutionary movements, education, labor questions and charity work, but they have figured prominently in art, science, diplomacy and court intrigues. Ivan Nardodny writes in the New York Sun. Catherine the Great was a striking figure in Russian history, and so were Anna Ivanovna, Mme. Novikoff and many others. The heroism of Mmes. Broshkowskaya, Sussulitch and Figner has never been proved false. Why, if the theory of evolution be true, has there not been some observable and provable evolution within the limits of human history? Why have the hog and the sheep and the horse and the horned and the dodo-like ceased evolving? Any way, if this theory be true, will it not follow eventually that everything that is will evolve into something else? Aren't the figs and dates, the camels and goats, just today what they were 2,000 years ago? And if they are today what they were 2,000 years ago, why not what they were 10,000 or 100,000 years ago?"

Thrown In.

"How much is this old point lace?"

"That lace is \$1.98 per yard, madam, and we include a nice legend about it having been in the family for generations."

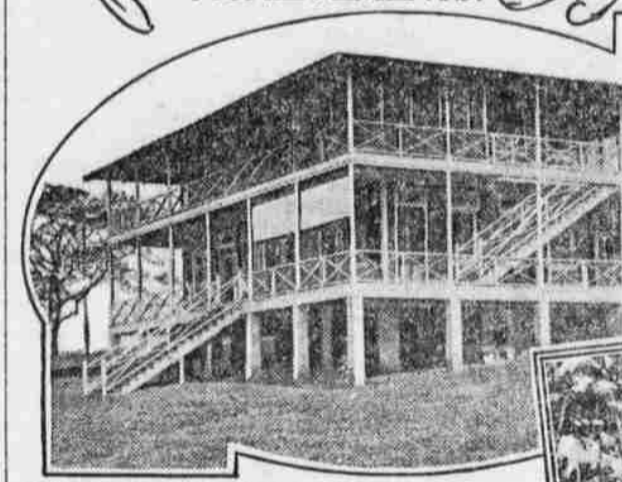
Perfectly Proper.

"Maud, did you give that young Jiggers a kiss?"

"No, ma, he took it, but it's all right, for I made him give it right back."

Gen. Gorgas, U.S.A., Enemy of Disease

HE HAS MADE HEALTH RESORTS OF PLAGUE SPOTS. CONGRESS HAS GIVEN HIM SOME SPECIAL HONORS. MOST OF THE WORLD'S GREAT UNIVERSITIES AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES HAVE BESTOWED DEGREES. HE IS VERY SHY AND DOESN'T AT ALL LIKE TO DISCUSS HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.



HOSPITAL FOR CANAL EMPLOYEES

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

AL. GEN. WILLIAM CRAWFORD Gorgas, chief of the medical corps of the United States army, is by many men accounted the greatest soldier of them all. He has met and overcome disease on many fields, and disease is accounted, even in war time, the greatest enemy of the human race. When one writes of this modest-appearing man, who never speaks voluntarily of his own achievements on the sickness-stricken field, he is writing of one of the most famous men of any nation. He does not belong to Washington, nor yet to the United States, but to the world.

Here is a doctor and a soldier whose record stands unique. In order to honor him congress in a way upset its traditions and changed a line of legislative action which for years ran one unvarying course. Last spring the congress of the United States paid General Gorgas the highest compliment that it is within its power to pay. It gave him the thanks of the congress of the United States; it promoted him to the grade of major general, and it so changed established custom as to enable him to remain at the head of the medical corps of the army for some months after the four years allotted for such service shall have expired.

In other words, through the action of congress, General Gorgas, instead of being surgeon general of the army for the term of only four years, will hold that office until he retires from active work at the age of sixty-four years.

The thanks of congress, promotion to the rank of major general and the provision which would enable the incumbent to remain surgeon general for a longer period than the usually allotted time came to this doctor, as the resolutions of congress show, because of his great work in routing disease from the Panama Canal zone and in making a former plague spot one of the most healthful districts in the world.

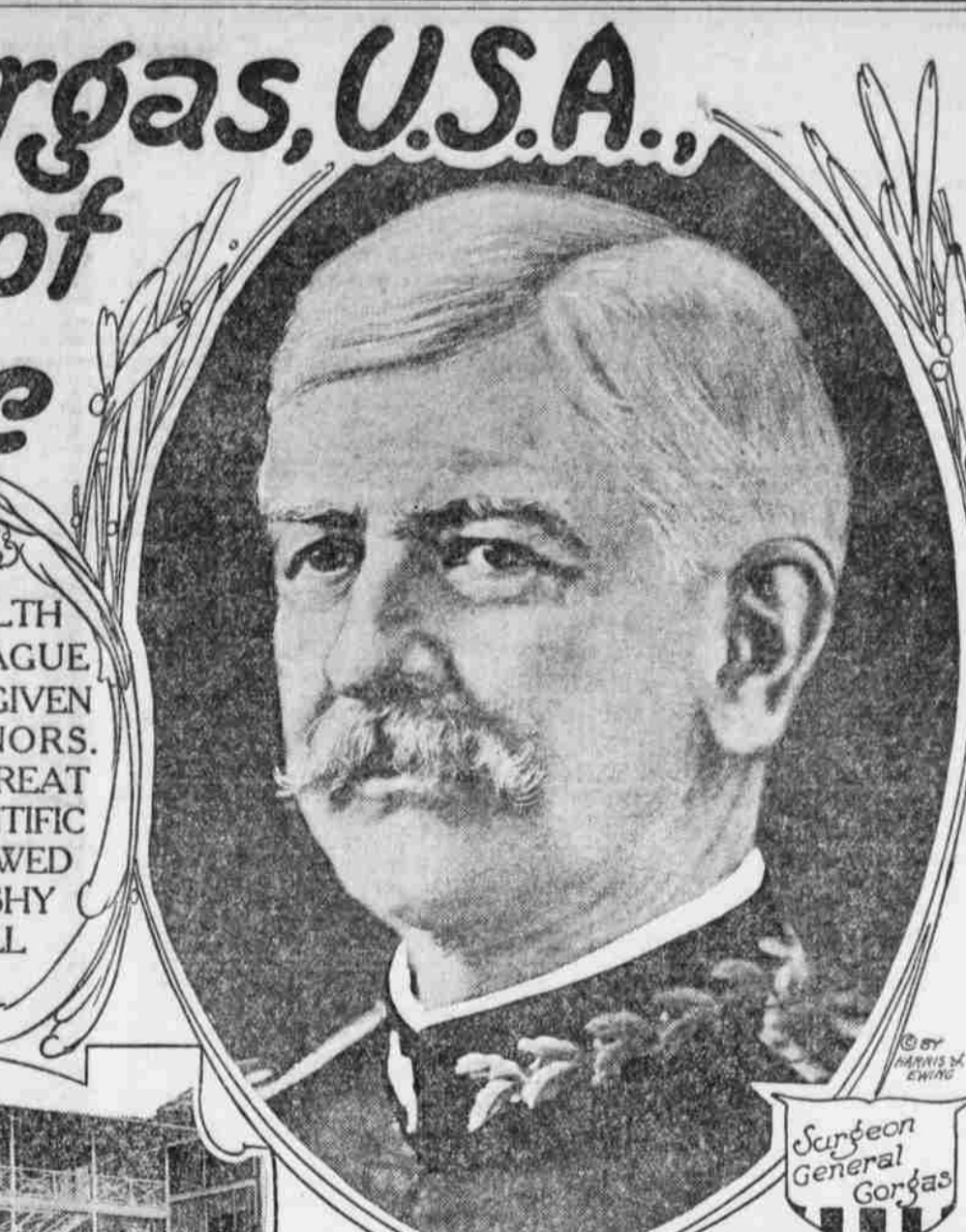
It is virtually impossible to get the records of all the great scientists of the world for purposes of immediate comparison, but it seems to be safe to say that no other man has been so honored by educational institutions and by learned societies as has William Crawford Gorgas. He received his modest A. B. from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., in the year 1875, and his M. D. from Bellevue Hospital Medical college in New York city four years later. From that time to this honors have been piled upon him, and he has borne them all with a modesty that resembles meekness. It is held by many that doctor of science is the highest honor which any institution of learning can confer upon a man. Seven great universities, including Oxford, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Brown and Princeton have conferred the doctor of science degree upon this American army doctor.

To him have come LL. D.'s from Johns Hopkins, and from many other universities. By the decree of Yale, Georgetown and Washington universities he is a doctor of laws. He has medals from societies, from medical associations and from national academies of science "for distinguished achievement in the interest of mankind." He has the Seaman medal from the American Museum of Safety, and he has the Mary Kindley medal from the Liverpool (England) School of Tropical Medicine. He is a member, either active or honorary, of virtually every great scientific society in the world. The honors have sought him out. He has gone on with his work seeking nothing except that which will benefit his fellow man.

General Gorgas was born in Mobile, Ala., Oc-

Sofia, the Bulgarian Capital.

No city in the East has undergone such a magic transformation as Sofia. Prior to the emancipation of the Bulgarians it was a small Turkish town of 20,000, with narrow, dirty streets. There was practically no trade and the people were in a hideous state of poverty. The city which has now risen up has a population of about 125,000 and is rapidly becoming one of the best in eastern Europe. Architecturally, it has far more claims to



Surgeon General Gorgas



DEADLY MOSQUITO SWAMP IN CUBA



DIGGING SANITARY SEWERS IN CANAL ZONE

tober 3, 1854; was educated at the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., where he studied from 1869 to 1875, graduating with the degree of bachelor of arts. He graduated in medicine at the Bellevue Hospital Medical college in 1879. He served on the house staff of the Bellevue hospital from 1879 to 1880; entered the United States army in 1880, and served in Florida and on the western frontier until the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898. He went to Cuba with the expedition which captured Santiago.

After the fall of Santiago General Gorgas contracted typhoid fever, and was sent back to the United States. He went with the expeditionary force which occupied Havana in December, 1898, where he remained as health officer until the fall of 1902. During his incumbency as health officer of the city of Havana the army medical board made a discovery with regard to yellow fever and found that it was conveyed by the Stegomyia mosquito. As health officer, with his subordinates he devised plans and measures whereby this discovery was put into practical service.

As a result of these measures Havana was freed from yellow fever entirely in about eight months, although the disease had been there continuously for the previous 150 years. For this work he was promoted by special act of congress from the grade of major to that of colonel.

For ten years Doctor Gorgas was stationed in the Panama Canal zone, as the chief health officer of the isthmian canal commission. He was ordered to Panama in March, 1904, and three years thereafter Theodore Roosevelt made him a member of the commission. He was chosen for the Panama work because of his record. He made Panama one of the healthiest places in the world, more than this, he made the living conditions of the laborer on the isthmus as sanitary, as comfortable and as desirable as the conditions surrounding the laborer anywhere in the world.

Two years ago when General Gorgas' term of service on the isthmus was drawing to a close because of the near approach of the day of completion of the waterway, your correspondent visited the Canal zone. While there he was taken, with some friends, to visit a hospital on an island off the coast. This hospital had been built by the French. When General Gorgas went to the isthmus he took the building, put it into perfect sanitary condition and made it a place of reception for convalescents. The hospital never was full, because there wasn't enough sickness in the zone to produce convalescents enough at any time to tax the hospital facilities. The fact that this particular building never was crowded, and that it was a small building at best, perhaps furnishes one of the best proofs possible of the commanding medical work which was done in a place generally accounted as one of the most unhealthy on the face of the globe.

During the visit to Panama a statement was

made to your correspondent by General Gorgas which was nothing short of startling in its nature. He said: "If the governments of Venezuela and Ecuador would spend a few thousand dollars to stamp out yellow fever there never would be another case of the disease known to the world."

For some reason or other the South American countries in which the yellow fever still exists will not spend the money necessary to stamp it out. So it is that so long as the disease exists there it is possible for some man, perhaps a sailor, to be bitten by a fever-laden mosquito just before he sails for another port and to carry with him the poison. It is held by the high thinkers that the countries of South America where yellow fever exists should be forced to stamp out the disease in order that the rest of the world may be safe for all time from the menace of the dread "yellow jack."

Some time ago, during a process of dredging, a low spot on the zone was turned into a marsh, and almost instantly the malaria mosquito began to breed there abundantly. Literally millions of the insects appeared. Now, there was no danger that they would spread malaria among the zone people, because the insects had to become charged with the poison first; but, of course, it was necessary to determine how far the creatures could travel, and this is the way they found out:

An able-bodied and perfectly willing native was put into a mosquito net tent, where he sat and acted as bait. He was paid a certain amount of gold for his baiting work and he, with others who afterward were employed, said it was easy money.

When the tent had a million or more mosquitoes in it the native came out and the entrance was closed. Then the scientists sprayed the tent and its confined mosquitoes with coloring matter. The spray was so fine that it did not drown or even drench the insects, but they received some coloring matter on their wings and bodies.

Other tents were pitched and in each was stationed a human bait. These tents were at certain distances apart. All the mosquitoes in the first tent were released and they were traced by color from tent to tent until none were found. In that way they found out how far the malaria fever mosquito would travel.

Surgeon General Gorgas makes his headquarters in Washington, but he is a soldier constantly subject to orders and also to the dictates of his own judgment. Any day he may be obliged to go straight to the front, not to meet the human enemy, but the disease enemy. His is the responsibility for the health of the soldiers in Texas, in the Canal zone, in Hawaii and in the Philippine Islands. It is his to meet, physician-like and soldierlike, any emergency which may arise. He is one of the gentlest men known to the service and he is also one of the bravest.

His Attitudes.

"I flatter myself," remarked the successful candidate, "that I did not seek office."

"Yes, I saw you shaking hands with the voters right and left, acting as judge at baby shows, presiding at welfare meetings and giving out numerous interviews to newspaper reporters."

"Hum. That was merely to show the public that while I scorned to seek office, I would be a receptive mood if the office sought me."

Home Town Helps

HOUSING QUESTION IS VITAL

Practically No More Important Things Can Be Given Attention by City Planners.

It may be said that there is no plane of human existence in society which the housing question does not touch. There is no form of vice, crime, debility or shiftlessness which bad housing does not tend to nurture. Keeping up appearances is often decided, and deserves much of the reproach cast upon it when it simply means unwarranted extravagance to maintain a position which one's income does not justify, but among the poor it is an ever-present aid to the maintenance of self-respect and is to be encouraged rather than derided.

During his campaign for the presidency the late Benjamin Harrison uttered an epigram which made him the target of much criticism. He said: "A cheap coat makes a cheap man," and this statement, which was intended to epitomize his views on the protective tariff, was twisted into meaning that people whose clothes were cheap were purchasable. This was not true, and it would be no more true that bad housing made bad citizens under all circumstances. But, next to an inadequate and unwholesome food supply, poor housing does stand as the most deleterious element in our civic life. Sanitary research shows how important is the reaction of adequate light and ventilation on the health, stamina and moral character of individuals. Bad housing furnishes the fruitful nurseries of disease germs of all kinds, while at the same time creating conditions which prevent the building up of resistance to their inroads.

IS KING OF URBAN TREES

Elm Famous for Developing Fine Symmetry When Allowed to Grow Alone.

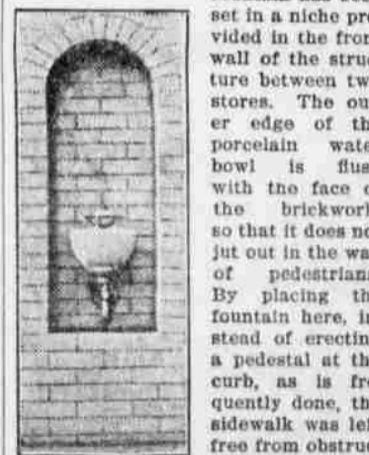
"The elm is essentially a self-sufficient tree. It does not thrive in groves," Walter Pritchard Eaton writes in the Century. "It has a standard type of its own, and it either attains this type or is lost to view. The elm which comes to maturity is usually the one which has lodged in a favored spot where there is no competition, such as a river meadow, where the spring freshets have dropped the seed on fertile soil and the roots can get down to water."

"We all know the type, the noble trunk of massive girth tapering very gradually upward to the first spring of branches, and then dissolving in those branches as a water jet might dissolve in many upward and outcurving streams, till the whole is lost in the spray of the foliage. Like many other trees that grow alone, it develops an exquisite symmetry; but with the elm this symmetry is not only one of general contour, but of individual limbs. Not only is the silhouette symmetrical, but the skeleton also, branch balancing branch. That is what gives it its remarkable fitness to comport with architectural lines, with geometrically designed vistas. It has a formal structure and a consequent dignity which makes it the logical shade for a village street, a chapel, a library, the scholarly procession in cap and gown. Add to that dignity its arched and airy lightness and its splendid size, and you have the king of urban trees."

GOOD PLACE FOR FOUNTAIN

Builder in Western City Has Proved That He Had the Right Idea in Its Construction.

In constructing a building in a western city, a sanitary drinking fountain has been set in a niche provided in the front wall of the structure between two stores. The outer edge of the porcelain water bowl is flush with the face of the brickwork, so that it does not jut out in the way of pedestrians.



By placing the fountain here, instead of erecting a pedestal at the curb, as is frequently done, the sidewalk was left free from obstructions.

The fountain is both a convenience to the public and an ornament.—Popular Mechanics.

Municipal Enterprise.

Rochester, N. Y., has an annual exposition that is partly a municipal enterprise. The exposition was started by a number of private concerns, but its success was so great that the city government provided it with an exposition ground of 45 acres, fitted up with handsome buildings. Here both manufacturing and agricultural exhibits are shown, the former including the lines that have made Rochester famous, such as cameras, optical goods, shoes, clothing, office fixtures and prepared foods.

Honest Confession.

"Queer how some women manage to get husbands. Look at that tramp over there with a face that could stop a clock. What boob do you suppose ever fell for a frontispiece like that?"

"I did. That's my wife."

His Place.

"What person on the paper, sir, shall I give this article on the Modern Feminine Face?"

"I should say from my observation of the subject, to the make-up man."